

# The Spirit of Democracy.

PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES, AND MEN THAT WILL CARRY THOSE PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES INTO EFFECT.

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## POETRY.

From the Kickerbocker.  
JOHN ANDERSON TO HIS JEAN.

O, JEAN! it seems but yesterday,  
Since, light as on a fawn,  
Ye tripped in virgin bashfulness  
Across the flowery lawn;  
And bright your golden hair waved,  
That time has strewn with snow;  
Yet still ye wear your winning smile,  
Though youth's bright morn's o'er.

Though your eye be no sea clear, Jean,  
As when in youthful prime,  
Saw sweetly, saw confidingly,  
Thy melting glance met mine;  
Though passion's hour hath fled, Jean,  
And could our pulses be;  
Your mellow look o' kindly love  
Still gently beams on me.

And though the wave's white blossoms, Jean,  
Are scattered on your brow,  
And in life's glass the ebbing sands  
Are wasted thin and low;  
No change our hearts can know, Jean,  
But long as life shall last,  
We'll gild our hopes of future bliss  
With memories of the past.

From the New Mirror.

## TO KATE.

"The golden hours on angel wings  
Flew o'er me."  
O Kate, the world is beautiful—  
'Tis of a noble birth;  
Its ruler is more excellent  
Than sceptered ones of earth;  
I've wandered through its gardens fair,  
I've sailed upon its sea,  
Yet never knew the joy like those  
Sweet hours I passed with thee.

I've heard the merry pipe breath out,  
To bid the dance go on,  
While every face beamed joyous, as  
A summer's dewy morn;  
And then a smile of happiness  
Came gently over me;  
But, Kate, 'twas nothing like the hours,  
The hours I passed with thee.

I've revelled 'neath the free, blue sky—  
Upon the sloping hill—  
Amid the noblest works of earth—  
But thou art nobler still;  
And though a score of years have passed,  
And made a man of me,  
I've never felt the joy like those  
Sweet hours I passed with thee.

And oft when music's silver chord  
Is touched to wailing strain,  
Sweet memory dances back to me—  
I'm with thy feet again;  
And then thy fancied presence drives  
All shadowy forms from me,  
And, Kate, I seem once more to pass  
Those happy hours with thee.

A TOUCHING EXCLAMATION.—The sable  
mantle of the night hung over the scene black as  
"the dunest smoke of hades." The wild roar of  
the pealing thunder mingled in frightful discord  
with the shriek of the midnight tempest that seemed  
struggling to uproot the humble dwelling of  
Ambrose. Again and again the rattling crash of  
the contending elements shook the "firm set earth"  
as if heralding the creak of doom, when pale faced  
Ellen, snatching her helpless infant from the floor,  
rushed up the stairs exclaiming "Good gracious, the  
bed-room window's open!"

ABSENCE OF MIND.—A steam boat started  
from one of the landings above a few days since,  
leaving one of the passengers on shore. The cry  
was immediately raised, "Passenger behind! pas-  
senger left!" A gentleman, who had been asleep  
in his state room, came rushing out, rubbing his  
eyes and bawling, "Who's left? It ain't me, is it?"

ANTIDOTE AGAINST MARRIAGE.—Joy says  
that if a man feels very much like getting married,  
yet imagines he ought not to, the best remedy he  
knows of, is to help one of his neighbors move a  
house full of furniture—borrow about nine of his  
children for three days, and hear them cry. If that  
fail, build up a fire of damp wood, and when the  
smoke in the room is thick, hire a woman to  
scold him about four hours. If he can stand all  
these, he'd better get married the next day—give  
his wife the pants, and be the "silent partner"  
in the great firm of matrimony. We think the remedy  
is severe, but as every man is liable to those things  
after he yokes himself, it would do no harm to try  
it before.

A MISAPPREHENSION.—We recollect once be-  
ing very much amused at the relation of the follow-  
ing anecdote, from the lips of a very amiable and  
withal a very modest widow lady in New Jersey.  
Soon after her husband had paid the debt of nature,  
leaving her his sole legatee, a claim was brought a-  
gainst the estate by his brother, and a process was  
served upon her by the Sheriff of the county, who  
happened to be a widower, of middle age. Being  
unused at that time to the forms of law—though in  
the protracted law-suit which followed she had ample  
opportunity of acquiring experience—she was much  
alarmed, and meeting, just after the departure  
of the Sheriff, with a female friend, she ex-  
claimed, with much agitation, "What do you  
think? Sheriff Prime has been after me!"

"Well," said the considerate lady, with perfect  
calmness, "he is a very fine man."

"But he says he has an attachment for me," re-  
plies the widow.

"Well, I have long suspected he was attached to  
you, my dear."

"But you don't understand—he says I must go  
to court."

"Oh, that's quite another affair, my child; don't  
you go so far as that: it is his place to come to  
court you!"

## THE REVENGE OF HUGOLINE.

"Does no one approach, Ethelwulf? Is there  
no spear or pennon in sight?—Alas! mine old eyes  
ache with watching; pray heaven the Norman has  
not gained the day!"

Thus spoke Redwald the Saxon, as he sat in one  
of the turrets of his castle, which stood on an  
almost inaccessible rock on the coast of Sussex.  
She sun was fast sinking in the west, and poured  
a flood of golden light on the waters of the Chan-  
nel; but the scene had no charms for the aged  
chief: his four brave sons had joined Harold, their  
king, and this was the day on which the Norman's  
power would be tried. For three hours had Red-  
wald sat in torturing suspense, awaiting the issue  
of the combat. Twilight had spread its thin veil  
over the surrounding country, when, as the chief  
descended in despair from the turret, the clattering  
of horses' hoofs was heard and four horsemen rode  
into the courtyard. Their steeds were jaded, and  
their armor was hacked and splashed with blood.

"Ah! Hugoline, my brave boy!" cried the aged  
Redwald, as he received in his arms the foremost  
horseman, who had dismounted with all haste.  
"Art thou returned scathless?—is the Norman  
driven back, or slain, or—"

"—Harold is down!" cried the youth, wildly,  
and the blood of Guth and Leofwynne crimsoned  
the turf. Father, we are lost—the Norman lion  
triumphs!—and, oh! my brethren are—"

"—Ha!" cried Redwald eagerly, "what wouldst  
thou say?—Not dead—no, thy tongue dares not  
utter that word. Thou wouldst not tell me that,  
and stand here unharmed."

"Father," replied the youth, "they are dead—  
my kinsmen here saw them fall. The Norman  
host has scattered all our force; but there is time  
to save thee from their vengeance."

"Away with thee!" shrieked the old chief.—  
"Away! or bring me back thy brothers! Where's  
Edwin, Kenrick, and Ella?—coward, hast thou  
deserted them in the hour of peril? Hence with  
thee!—Oh! that I could wield a weapon again!"

"This is madness, my father," replied Hugoline;  
"I did all that man could do for them: the shaft  
that slew Edwin grazed my face. See you this  
hacked buckler! It opened a vain resistance to the  
axe of a Norman knight, who with his followers  
slew Kenrick and Ella."

"'Tis false! dastard as thou art," cried the old  
chief. "By the soul of Hengist! thou art no son  
of mine—hence with thee. Now, the Norman  
may come and do his worst, for all I loved is lost.  
My monarch slain, and my brave boys too!"

"Father," said Hugoline, "I am no coward; ask  
my kinsmen here if I flinched from the fight till  
my brethren fell. King Harold thought me no  
craven when I struck my javelin through the giant  
Dane, who kept the bridge at Stamford. I left  
the field to save thee, for the Norman's cry is up,  
and we to the armed Saxon that escapes not his  
clutch. Quick, let me convey you to the water's  
edge, a boat lies behind yon rock."

At this moment a horn was sounded at a short  
distance, and loud shouts were heard.

"Ah!" cried the gallant youth, "the bloodhounds  
have followed at our heels. Look to the gate,  
Waltheof—we will die here!" Then turning to  
his aged sire, he continued, "Father, I have not  
deserved this; had it not been for thee, I would  
not have left that bloody field alive."

In obedience to the command of Hugoline, his  
kinsmen and serfs had secured the gate, and pre-  
pared the engines on the walls, determined to resist  
their pursuers to the last. The aged Redwald,  
somewhat appeased by the protestations of his son,  
encouraged his followers to hold out the castle  
against the Norman soldiers, who were now arrived  
at the gate. They were headed by a knight of  
gigantic stature, mounted on a horse correspond-  
ing in size with his rider, whose surcoat of azure,  
on which was embroidered a wolf's head, erased,  
now splashed with blood, gave evident token that  
the wearer had not been idle in the days of strife.

"Saxon," said the knight addressing Hugoline,  
who stood on the ramparts with his followers,  
"resistance is vain; open your gates, or, by the  
light of heaven, ye shall all swing in the night air."

"Norman dog!" shouted Hugoline, "we fear  
thee not—do thy worst, we can but die!"

"Boy," replied the knight calmly, "thou art  
working thine own destruction; once more I com-  
mand thee to admit us or thou shalt see that Lupus  
keeps his word."

"Thy word, base blunderer," said Hugoline.  
"The men thou seest around me shrink not from  
the swords of your followers; think ye that idle  
threats will fright them?"

The Norman's countenance lowered, and it was  
some time before he replied to this speech; at  
length he spoke, not, however, to Hugoline, but  
to his father, who had been an attentive listener to  
the colloquy.

"Old man," said he, "has this malapert boy thy  
countenance? Beshink thee of thy peril, and give  
us entrance. Woe to him who provokes the ven-  
geance of the duke of Normandy, now your king."

"Norman," replied the old chief, as his dim  
eyes kindled with ire, "think ye that in one battle  
the force of England can be crushed? No! kinsmen  
of the slain Harold yet live, and will avenge his  
death—for me, I can die here!"

Lupus ground his teeth with rage, and replied  
fiercely.

"Thy well for thee, grey beard, to vaunt thus;  
but know that if your castle be not rendered up by  
moon-rise, thou and thy kinsmen shall be consumed  
in it."

He pointed to the horizon as he spoke, which  
was beginning to brighten, though the moon had  
not yet appeared. A pale light glimmered on the  
Channel, which served to distinguish the sails of  
those fugitives who had quitted their native shore  
after escaping from the disastrous conflict.

The Norman soldiers, in the mean time, kindled  
a fire, and lit several torches. Hugoline watched  
them intently, and perceived that they were bring-  
ing forward a quantity of dry underwood from a  
neighboring copse. They advanced to the gates

against which they placed the wood, and appeared  
to be only waiting for the signal from their leader.  
The moon rose above the horizon, and threw her  
red glare on the scene. Lupus advanced, and in a  
threatening tone demanded instant admittance.  
Hugoline replied by loosening his bow at the  
knight, whose hauberk of proof protected its wear-  
er; the arrow snapped, and fell to the ground harm-  
less. Lupus calmly seized a torch, and threw it  
into the midst of the wood, which blazed fiercely,  
and the gates were instantly in flames, from the  
aged Redwald, at the highest pitch of his voice,  
cried—

"Hold, Norman! hold, for the blessed Virgin's  
sake! have mercy, and the place shall be given up—  
but spare my boy!"

"Fear not, my father," said Hugoline, let us die  
in the flames which consume our hall, for they are  
more merciful than the Norman who has kindled them."

"Oh! for our Lady's sake, take pity!" cried the  
aged chief, who heeded not his son's remonstrance.  
"Have mercy, and all we have is yours!"

Then quickly open thy gates, or thou and all  
thy household shall perish!"

Lupus as he spoke perceived the old chief giving  
orders to unbar the gates, when Hugoline spoke.

"Are we," said he, "to pass free! or dost thou  
propose keeping us to make sport to thy fierce  
leader?"

"Boy," replied Lupus, "thou wiltst to parody  
thus—open your gates, or, by my father's soul, I'll  
have thee flayed alive, if the flames should spare thee."

"Never!" shouted Hugoline. None but cravens  
fear to die. Hence with thee, dog, or wait  
and see us perish; for, by the soul of Hengist,  
whose blood runs in my veins, I will not yield to  
thee or twice thy force."

"Then die in thine obstinacy," said the knight.  
"Behold the flames are kindling round your gates,  
another moment makes you ours."

A loud yell of despair arose from the Saxon  
followers, in the midst of which the Norman sol-  
diers let fly a shower of arrows, which killed three  
of them, and wounded several others. The rest,  
seeing the hopelessness of their cause, flew to the  
gates, which they threw open, and the Normans,  
rushing forward with a shout, entered the castle  
and disarmed the feeble garrison. Redwald was  
instantly seized. His son, springing forward, slew  
the foremost of the Norman soldiers; but the rest  
closing round him, he was struck to the ground  
and secured.

"Away with him to the next tree," said Hugh  
Lupus; when Redwald threw himself at the feet  
of the knight.

"Oh, Norman!" he cried, "thou hast not heart  
to do a deed so vile—spare him, or let me suffer  
first, but do not kill my only boy!" At this mo-  
ment the eye of the old chief rested on a youth  
splendidly dressed, who stood by the side of Lupus.

"Oh," continued Redwald, "if thou wouldst not  
have that child meet as dreadful a death, spare  
Hugoline, whose only crime is that he has this day  
fought for his king and country!"

"Saxon," replied the knight, "thy son has  
sought his own death; bears he sword or lance,  
and knows not that to defend an untenable place is  
to forfeit the lives of the garrison? He shall die!"

"Nay, nay," cried Redwald, "say not so—re-  
voke your sentence! Here at thy feet I entreat  
thee to spare him!" and he clasped the knees of  
the knight, while the perspiration stood in large  
drops on his aged brow.

The countenance of Lupus lowered. "Old  
man," he said, "ye plead in vain, by my father's  
soul he shall die! What! shall a Norman knight  
be bearded by a wretched Saxon slave like him?  
Hence! or I may forget thy grey hairs and do thee  
violence."

"Then take thy quittance fierce Norman!" cried  
the old chief. He started on his feet, and quick as  
thought plucked a small dagger from his bosom,  
and struck with all his force at the breast of the  
knight; but one of the soldiers with a pole-axe  
struck Redwald a blow on the head, which stretched  
him lifeless at the feet of his conqueror.

Hugoline beheld it; a groan of agony burst from  
his overcharged bosom, and the cords with which  
he was bound, snapped as though they had been  
rushes. In an instant he sprang forward, and  
seized in his arms the youth who stood by the side  
of Lupus, and rushed up the stairs of one of the  
towers. Several of the Norman soldiers followed  
him; but he quickly closed an iron door upon his  
pursuers, and the next moment appeared on the  
top of the tower. A dozen bows were bent, but  
he held before him as a shield his innocent victim  
which intimidated them.

"Norman," he cried, or rather shrieked out,  
"my revenge is complete! Look on thy darling  
boy!—thy heir! Hast thou no prayer, he continued  
as he watched the speechless agony of the  
knight, "no entreaty for the life of thy child?"

"Oh, Saxon! spare my boy, and thou shalt not  
be harmed."

"Ah!" shouted Hugoline, "dost thou offer terms  
now? Give me back then my father and my broth-  
ers—raise up that old man whom your followers  
have murdered—restore him, I say, and thy boy  
is free. What dost thou hesitate?—Nay," looking  
at his victim, "struggle not, child, I will not  
torture thee," he clutched the throat of the boy  
as he spoke and the stifling breath and convulsive  
struggle told that death was nigh.

"Shoot! shoot the Saxon dog!" screamed Lupus;  
but at the same moment the body of his child,  
hurled from the fearful height, fell into the court-  
yard a mutilated mass; while a dozen shafts trans-  
fixed the Saxon, who leaped convulsively from  
the tower, with a shout of triumph quivering on  
his tongue. The crash of his armor as he fell,  
echoed the fall of the unfortunate child.

There are now on the stocks at one of the ship-  
yards in New York, three steamboats of about 300  
tons each, all of which are to be fitted with the  
Ericsson propeller. One is to go to Richmond,  
one to Texas, and the third to Fall River.

## HISTORY OF THE U. S. BANK.

The New York Herald furnishes a concise his-  
tory of the late bank of the United States, in the  
item of its circulation, at different important peri-  
ods. The bank went into operation in 1816, and  
on the 1st of January of the year following, its  
circulation amounted to \$1,911,200. January 1,  
1818, the institution became involved in difficulty,  
and was on the point of failure, the circulation  
amounting to \$3,359,418. In 1823, Nicholas  
Biddle was chosen president, circulation \$4,-  
361,058. In 1824, there occurred a general revul-  
sion in business; circulation \$1,647,977. In 1828,  
the bank commenced its political operations; and  
its circulation at this period was \$9,855,570.—  
From this time until 1832, it continued to expand  
until its circulation ran up to \$21,245,724. In  
1836 the charter of the institution expired: cir-  
culation \$23,075,422. In 1837, a general revul-  
sion occurred, followed by a universal suspension of  
the banks,—the U. S. bank turning cotton specu-  
lator in June of that year, to "sustain the price of  
cotton"; circulation, \$11,447,968. In 1838, the  
New York banks resumed specie payments; cir-  
culation of the United States bank, \$6,798,067. In  
1839, Southern and United States Bank resumed;  
circulation of the latter, \$5,982,621. In April of  
the same year, the bank, in the midst of its cotton  
speculations, Mr. Biddle resigned the presidency  
of the concern, received the thanks of the direc-  
tors and a service of plate worth \$20,000—the  
bank being voted "in a prosperous condition";  
circulation \$6,630,144. In June of the same year  
the circulation was reduced to four hundred thou-  
sand dollars; the bank having sold bills of ex-  
change to a large amount in New York—more  
than \$3,000,000—drew the proceeds in specie and  
shipped it to England. In October of the same  
year the bank failed; after notice of the dishonor  
of her notes in Paris was received at New York,  
circulation \$200,000. In January, 1840, the cir-  
culation had increased to \$6,699,861—the bank  
having been in suspension since October 11. In  
January, 1841, the circulation amounted to \$7,-  
157,517, besides \$6,445,530 in post notes held by  
other banks in order that itself might resume,  
which it did. In February of the same year, the  
final failure of the concern took place—circulation  
being \$3,682,522, and post notes \$3,182,963. In  
the April following, the bank was put in liquida-  
tion; its circulation at the time amounting to  
\$3,291,576.

Here is a concise history of the rise and fall of  
national banking, and it is full of instruction.  
From 1817 to 1828, a period of eleven years, the  
circulation never rose over \$6,000,000 except in  
1818, when it was brought within the brink of  
destruction, and was saved from suspension only  
by a miracle. In 1828 the bank entered the vortex  
of politics which was inevitable—so large and  
overshadowing an institution cannot exist in a  
country like this, where party politics run high,  
without being seized upon by ambitious lawyers  
for their own advancement. In the four succeed-  
ing years the "spread" of the bank was very rapid.  
Like an enormous political spider, its web was  
spread wherever votes were to be caught—but the  
result was very different from what it anticipated.  
Instead of defeating the opposing party, the infla-  
tion of the currency caused an universal rise in  
prices; and in 1832, with a full currency and high  
prices, the second election of Gen. Jackson was  
carried about by acclamation. The fact of high  
prices operated upon the whole country in favor of  
the party in power, and was far more effective than  
the immediate and direct influence of bank loans,  
which resulted only in the ruin of the concern.  
From that moment its fate was sealed. The enor-  
mous loans then made were never recovered, and  
to the extent of \$200,000,000, now exist charac-  
terized by the investigating committee only as not  
"mercantile power." From that time up to 1837,  
the safety of the bank existed by the strength of  
its remaining credit, and the universal expansion of  
other banks. In 1837, universal suspension cov-  
ered its insolvency. Its struggles were desperate  
to prevent the resumption of the New York banks  
in 1838, but in vain. Public opinion compelled  
all the banks to resume in January, 1839. From  
that time to June it appears that its circulation was  
driven in upon it to the extent of six millions, in  
consequence of loss of credit. The immense mass  
of assets which the concern held were inactive.

To supply the active means of which it was  
deprived by the return of its circulation, post notes  
were sold at a heavy discount in all sections of the  
Union, and finally the sale of fictitious bills of  
exchange were resorted to, as avowed in the letter  
of J. Cowperthwaite, subsequently published, to  
compel suspension of the New York banks, in  
order that the universal insolvency might again  
cloak the bankruptcy of the late national bank.  
The ruse failed, however, and the mask was torn  
from the corrupt remains of one of the greatest  
curves ever inflicted upon a people. In the final  
failure of the bank the country escaped only by  
three weeks, one of the greatest calamities that  
could have befallen it. The revolution of 1840,  
brought about by the fall of prices, occasioned by  
an approach of the currency to a specie level,  
brought into power the national bank party, March  
4th, 1841. The bank failed in February, 1841.  
Mr. Biddle explained, in a subsequent letter, the  
error the bank committed by resuming in January,  
1841. He stated that if they had kept on until  
March 1st, they then under the new administration  
would have received the government deposits;  
have again become the national bank, and with  
credit and means thus renewed, have recovered  
their affairs. The "financiers" overshoot themselves  
in this matter, however. The government could  
not have given its deposits to a suspended bank,  
and it was with a view to gain a little character  
prior to recovering the public money, that the  
resumption was effected January 1, 1841. The  
rotten concern had, however, less strength than  
even its doctors supposed. It could not, with the  
most prodigious efforts, not even by saddling the  
other banks with \$7,000,000 of its post notes, be

made to hold out the prescribed 60 days. It stag-  
gered on until the strength of its supporters was  
exhausted, when it fell, carrying the reputations  
of all connected with it. There it lies amid the  
desolation it has created, surrounded by bankrupt  
States, and dishonored public faith, a corrupt and  
feasting mass, a foul ulcer on the national char-  
acter.

Such is the brief history of the late bank of the  
United States. At the present time it is full of  
interest and importance. The whig party is again  
plucking up courage, and making bold to put  
forward the establishment of another bank, as  
among its leading measures. The old bank, there-  
fore, must not be permitted to sink into oblivion,  
its crimes, its monstrous deeds of wickedness, its  
degradations upon public and private virtue, must  
not be forgotten. They were a part of the system  
and will always be the incidents of any similar  
institution. They must be held up before the peo-  
ple as a beacon to admonish them of the dangers  
and perils of establishing another institution of a  
similar nature. The light of experience is the  
safest guide and we should not suffer it to be  
dimmed or quenched. Let the nation now and  
forever avoid the curse of a national bank, and to  
this end let the first advances of its friends be  
met by signal and decided rebuke.

## STATISTICAL.

### THE MIGHTY WEST.

It is truly pleasing to witness the rapid improve-  
ment of the "mighty West." And should our West-  
ern States continue to increase in population so  
rapidly for seven years to come as they have done,  
the will out number in population the old Atlantic  
States.

Here, in the beautiful West, may be seen flour-  
ishing towns and magnificent cities, where but a  
short time ago the dense, and towering forest tree  
covered the land with its branches. But business  
men still complain of hard times; we hope, how-  
ever, the worst is over, and if so, the occupants of our  
rich lands still further west, are destined to rear up  
towns and cities, and may we not add States, in  
that now comparatively depopulated country, that  
will be looked upon in a few years with astonish-  
ment.

Mr. Harden, a member in Congress from Illinois  
has lately given some valuable and interesting sta-  
tistics in reference to the West, which follows:—  
In 1840 the population of the Western

States was	6,376,972
In 1840 the population of the Atlantic	
States was	10,686,381
The area of the Western States in	
square miles is	839,830
The area of the Atlantic States in	
square miles is	419,650
The increase of the Atlantic States from 1830 to	
1840 was at the rate of 16 per cent.	
The increase of the Western States during the	
same period was at the rate of 73 per cent.	
The increase of the Atlantic States from 1810 to	
1840 was as 100 to 173.4.	
The increase of the Western States from 1810 to	
1840 was as 100 to 591.4.	

It will thus be found that while the Atlantic  
States have not doubled in thirty years, the West-  
ern States have, in the same time, augmented nearly  
six fold.

In some of the new States the increase far ex-  
ceeds the general average, for instance, the decen-  
nial increase of Mississippi was 175 per cent., of  
Missouri 173 per cent., of Illinois 202 per cent., and  
of Michigan 555 per cent.

In 1850 the population of the Atlantic and West-  
ern States will be very nearly equal, if they pro-  
gress in population in the same ratio that they have  
done for the last ten or twenty years, and at every  
succeeding census the relative strength of the West  
will increase on the Atlantic States. The above  
facts are taken from a work recently published by  
Professor Tucker, of the University of Virginia.

The extent of Steamboat navigation on the West-  
ern waters has been variously computed at from  
12,000 to 15,000 miles, the latter estimate being,  
in my opinion, the most correct, as there are various  
rivers in the West the extent of whose navigation  
is not yet known, as there have been no sufficient  
inducements offered to steamboats to navigate  
them.

There are on the Western waters 350 steamboats,  
with an average tonnage of 200 tons, equal to  
110,000 tons.

Of these boats about 100 were built during last  
year, and the average cost of each is ascertained to  
be about \$20,000, making the first cost of the  
steamboats in the West \$11,000,000.

About 4,000 flat boats annually descend the West-  
ern rivers laden with every species of Western  
produce, which are destroyed when they reach the  
South, and which cost \$600,000.

If we add together the amounts paid for insur-  
ance, for boat hands, fuel, wear and tear of boats,  
interest of 6 per cent. on the amount invested, and  
for flat boats, it will show there is an annual ex-  
penditure on the Western waters, for the cost of trans-  
portation of passengers and freight, of \$15,000,000.

These boats are engaged in transporting an a-  
mount of freight which may surprise those who  
have not examined the facts of the case.

The downward trade to New Orleans  
is estimated at \$50,000,000  
The upward cargoes at the same  
80,000,000

The trade arising from the manu-  
factures of the cities on the West-  
ern waters, and of the produce which  
does not descend to New Orleans,  
and of the effects of emigrants, es-  
timated at 70,000,000

The amount of goods brought by  
way of Pittsburgh and the Lakes  
down the Western rivers, from the  
East, may be estimated at 60,000,000

Total of values transported annually  
amounting to \$250,000,000  
The amount not only is enormous, but facts  
show that the increase of this trade is 10 per cent.  
per annum.

It will appear by a report submitted to the pre-  
sent Congress, page 145 of Doc. No. 1, that the trade  
of the Lakes in 1841 amounted to \$65,826,000.  
This trade has increased beyond all calculation,  
and was estimated in 1843 at \$109,000,000.

The extent of the lake coast is about 5,200 miles,  
of which 2,000 belong to Great Britain.

Without adverting to the trade on canals and  
railroads of the Atlantic States, which must amount  
to \$200,000,000, it will be seen that the internal  
commerce of the United States, on the Northern  
lakes, and Western rivers amounts annually to  
\$350,000,000.

## From the Shield and Banner.

### THE TARIFF.

A farmer in the Lorain Republican, thus shows  
up the operations of the present high tariff upon  
articles in common daily use by the farmer. We  
are glad to see that this hard working and intelli-  
gent portion of community are beginning to inquire  
whether it be in accordance with the doctrine of  
equal rights, that they are taxed upon almost every  
thing to enrich the lordly manufacturing monop-  
olies of the New England States.

### MY EXPERIENCE.

Wishing to illustrate the effects of the late tariff  
more fully, I have brought up two or three exam-  
ples within my own experience. Let the people  
read them, and then judge whether the tariff bene-  
fits us farmers.

I had the wood work for a double wagon which  
I wished to use on the farm. I purchased the iron  
of one of our merchants, and paid in wheat. It  
took 340 lbs. of iron, which, at 5 3/4 pence,  
amounted to \$20.60—or 31 1/2 bushels of wheat.  
After getting home I had the curiosity to see how  
much I had paid by way of protection. The result  
was as follows:

Whole cost as above,	\$20.60
Tax 1 1/4 cents per lb.	